

## [Snowfall Quiet](#) by [Luddleston](#)

**Category:** Dragon Age (Video Games), Dragon Age - All Media Types, Dragon Age II

**Genre:** Established Relationship, Family Fluff, M/M, Married Couple, Post-Canon, Trans Hawke

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Anders (Dragon Age), Male Hawke (Dragon Age)

**Relationships:** Anders/Male Hawke (Dragon Age)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2022-08-29

**Updated:** 2022-08-29

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:45:25

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,438

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

In the middle of a snowy Ferelden landscape, there stands a solitary cabin, home to the Hawke family, which has just grown one member larger.

Anders and Garrett rest together, and talk about new names and old stories.

## Snowfall Quiet

### Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).
- Inspired by [Act I](#) by [miraculan](#).

To my dear Icky, who came up with the wonderfully adorable and sweet idea of Garrett and Anders with a liddol babby of their own <3

If you'd like more of this, including Garrett and Anders being super gone on one another, and how exactly Hawke's magical wizard hrt works, go read their series that is linked as the inspiration for this!

Anders flicked his fingers to get the fire in the grate a bit higher. It was already warm to near-stifling in their little cabin, the walls thoroughly insulated against the winter cold and a steady fire burning, but one couldn't be too careful with chills when it came to a newborn.

Speaking of, there was the quiet fussing of a slightly-bothered infant coming from the direction of the bed. "Darling, please, don't prod at her," Anders said. "Let her sleep. *You* ought to sleep."

"But look how *little* her *feet* are."

The love of his life was bothering their daughter (it was still an absolute thrill to think of *their daughter*) like Anders often bothered his cat, except instead of squeezing paw pads between his fingers, he had her admittedly very tiny foot in hand.

Anders slipped back into bed beside Garrett. "*Resting*," he reminded him, perhaps being a little overbearing. "Unless you're hungry, I can get you something." But he had *reason* to be overbearing—he was husband and doctor both for Garret at present.

"I have been *resting* for two days straight," Garrett said, finally releasing the baby's foot and tucking her back into the soft blanket wrapped around

her. "You know how stir-crazy I get. I'm going to start trying to dig us out of this snowbank, just you wait."

It was a *bitterly* cold winter, the snow piled high enough that you couldn't open the window-shutters even if you wanted to. Anders suspected that if Garrett opened the front door, he'd get a pile of snow in the threshold for his troubles. They had seen the storm coming and had prepared well, especially considering Anders had already been doing what Garrett referred to as '*nesting*' for the past month.

"Do not do that," Anders said. "I will drag you back to bed and sit on you. I'll have Justice do it for me. Don't test us."

Garrett leaned into him, adjusting his hold on their sleeping child just enough that Anders could slip his arm around both of them. "Just admit she has the cutest, tiniest feet of any creature you have ever seen, and I promise to stop pestering my spawn, and/or trying to dig us out of this blizzard, which I could *definitely* do and be *just fine*."

"She has the cutest, tiniest *everything*," Anders said, because it was the only proper answer.

He rested his cheek against Garrett's shoulder, loath to move now that he'd sat down. Garrett turned his head so he could drop a kiss onto Anders' hair. "The little tadpole sleeps an awful lot for a baby. I expected much more constant squalling. Perhaps that was just my siblings."

"Don't say that, then she'll scream all night just to be contrary." She probably would need feeding soon, Anders thought.

"Nah, Tad's a good baby," Garrett said.

"Yes, but she's *my* baby, so that means she must have a bit of a contrarian in her."

"Good little tadpole," Garrett sighed, sounding sleepy despite his earlier protests. Anders felt just as tired as his husband sounded. Good baby or not,

she still woke them frequently through the night, and would for months. "Anders. Have I ever told you how I did my first spell?"

"Can't recall," Anders said. He might have, Anders' brain was just a little off-kilter at present. If he had, it certainly wasn't something as memorable as setting a barn ablaze.

"It's a nice story; I'll tell you. I think Tad would like a story."

The baby, Tad, as she was currently called, just kicked her tiny feet under the blanket. Anders lifted his eyes to catch the curve of Garrett's indulgent smile.

"My little brother and sister—that's your Uncle Carver and your Aunt Bethany, Tad—were born in the dead of winter just like you." His voice was a soft, smooth roll, with the usual pretty resonance, but less force behind it, as he addressed a person who also had the smallest ears he had ever seen. "Now, it's even more difficult when somebody has *two* babies to contend with, and I imagine having a five-year-old running about doesn't make it easier."

Anders chuckled. He could picture Garrett at five as just as rambunctious as Garrett at thirty-five, and probably just as stir-crazy if he was forced to stay in a small house all through the winter.

"My mother was resting with the twins, not quite up to moving about yet, and my father was in the main room of the house making us all something to eat. There was a little stove in the bedroom to keep it just as warm as the main room, but while I was sitting in the bed with Mother, Bethany, and Carver, the fire went out.

"Naturally, that couldn't happen. I knew Mum and the babies had to stay warm, but I wasn't supposed to touch the flint. *But*, I'd seen my father light fires before. Just like this—" Garrett lifted his hand, and in his palm, there danced a little flame.

Anders bet any other parent would be terrified to have magical fire so close to their baby, but he knew just how precise Garrett could be, and so he just

watched it move. It vanished just as quick as it had been conjured, but there was a warmth in Garrett's palm as he rested it over the back of Anders' hand.

"So that's what I did. Plopped a log in there and cast a tiny fire to light it up. Mama had *no* idea how I'd done it, and she was so surprised I thought she might be angry with me. She told me to run into the kitchen and tell Papa, and I'll never forget the look on his face." Garrett laughed, and Tad made a little coo as she felt it rumble through his chest.

"You started doing magic at *five*?" Anders breathed. He knew Garrett had been young, but somehow he'd been imagining young as perhaps eight or so. The youngest apprentices Anders ever knew at the Circle were around seven.

"Yeah, I did. Can't even *imagine* what a nightmare it was for my parents. Two new little ones—and they'd not been expecting there to be two, I don't think—and then their elder child starts shooting sparks whenever there's too much excitement." He stroked the back of Anders' hand, following the vein on the back of his wrist up his forearm. "I wonder when this one's going to do the same."

"It's not *certain* she's a mage," Anders said.

"I've been surer of very few things," Garrett replied. He lifted his hand, and stroked it over her soft little cheek. "We still have to name you, you know."

"I thought you were just going to call her 'Tad' forever," Anders said.

"Probably, I will," Garrett said.

They'd talked about this before. "*We can't be sure a name will always suit. Papa never called me my given name, you know,*" Garret had said. "*He always called me 'Dove'. Bethany and Carver were 'Bee' and 'Bear'. I think... in the long run, it made things easier for me.*"

Anders didn't know Garrett's given name and didn't care to, because Garrett had never really been that person, but he understood it was rather

effeminate. Leandra had named him and Bethany, and was a traditionalist in that sort of way.

"You know, I don't actually mind if Tad has a girl's name," Garrett said. "A baby doesn't understand what a girl or a boy is, and we can't possibly guess at how that understanding might change in future. Besides, it was no real hardship for me to change my name."

That, like the blossoming of Garrett's magical talent, had come young, Anders had heard. Carver claimed he couldn't remember a time Garrett was called anything but 'Garrett'. "I have a suggestion, but it's more personal to you than to me," Anders said.

"Mm?"

"I think, if you like it for her, her proper name ought to be 'Bethany'. We'll keep calling her 'Tad', but... from the sound of it, I think the world could use another Bethany Hawke."

The wind groaned through the eaves of their little house, the fire popped in the hearth, and Garrett Hawke turned his head to slant his mouth against Anders', a connection that felt just as warm and intimate and easy as it had from the very first.

"I love it," he said. "I think she does, too."

Anders had to agree. On her tiny, adorable face, there was the first smile they had ever seen from her.

### **Author's Note:**

If you want to see my drawings of dads & Tads, find me on Tumblr [@luddlestons](#), if you want even more Tad, seek out Icky [@miraculan](#) and if you want to experience me being a nerd about classics, visit me on Twitter [@luddlestons](#)